

Production No. 7F21

The Simpsons

"THREE MEN AND A COMIC BOOK"

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 10/2/90

FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"THREE MEN AND A COMIC BOOK"

10/2/90

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
YOUNG MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
YOUNG PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
YOUNG SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
MARTIN.....RUSSI TAYLOR
MILHOUSE.....PAM HAYDEN
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
OTTO.....HANK AZARIA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
EDDIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
MRS. GLICK.....RUSSI TAYLOR
APU.....HANK AZARIA
DEALER.....HANK AZARIA
JIMBO.....RUSSI TAYLOR
ADULT NARRATOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
RADIOACTIVE MAN.....HANK AZARIA
FALLOUT BOY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BUDDY HODGES.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CONVENTION DIRECTOR.....HANK AZARIA
TICKET SELLER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANNOUNCER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BANK TELLER.....HANK AZARIA
SOAP ACTRESS.....PAM HAYDEN
SOAP ACTOR.....HANK AZARIA

THREE MEN AND A COMIC BOOK

by

Jeff Martin

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON CAR - DAY

Marge is driving, BART and LISA are in the back seat. Lisa is reading a "Casper the Friendly Ghost" comic book, Bart a "Radioactive Man".

LISA

Hurry, Mom! If we don't get to the convention soon, all the good comics will be gone.

BART

What do you care about good comics? All you ever buy is Casper the Wimpy Ghost.

LISA

I think it's sad that you equate friendliness with wimpiness, and I hope it keeps you from ever achieving true popularity.

BART

Well, you know what I think? I think Casper's the ghost of Richie Rich.

Bart holds a Richie Rich comic next to Casper.

CLOSE-UP

on the two characters' unmistakable resemblance.

LISA

Hey, they do look alike! I wonder how
Richie died?

BART

Maybe he got his head smushed by a
solid gold hat.

LISA

Or perhaps he just realized how hollow
the pursuit of money is, and took his
own life.

MARGE

Kids, could you lighten up a little?

BART

(TO LISA, HOLDING UP COMIC) Now,
Radioactive Man: He rules! Never
punches a bad guy without saying
something cool.

LISA

I'll bet he's no wittier than the next
superhero.

BART

Oh, yeah? Look. (SHOWS COMIC) He
knocks a guy into the sun and says,
"Hot enough for you?"

LISA

(CHUCKLES) I stand corrected.

MARGE

We're here!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A large, weather-beaten banner over the Convention Center entrance reads "12th Annual 'Close Encounters of the Comic Book Kind' Convention," with the "12th" pasted over "1st" through "11th". Bart and Lisa jump out of the car. Marge **PEELS RUBBER** and **ZOOMS** off.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - A MINUTE LATER

Over the entry door, there's a sign "Admission \$8 - \$5 If you're dressed like a cartoon character." We see various geeky looking KIDS in costume. Lisa looks at the sign.

LISA

Too bad we didn't come dressed as
popular cartoon characters.

Bart, who has been crouching down, straightens up to reveal he has slipped on the "Bartman" cape and cowl.

BART

What do you mean "we", Paleface?

Bart gives five dollars to the TICKET SELLER.

TICKET SELLER

Who are you supposed to be?

Bart grabs the guy by the collar.

BART

(A' LA MICHAEL KEATON) I'm Bartman!

TICKET SELLER

Never heard of him. Full price.

He **RINGS** up \$8.00. Bart **GRUMBLES** as he fishes out the money.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Lousy rip off...

Know what I'll do if super-criminals
rob this place?... I'll laugh, that's
what...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WIDEN out as Bart and Lisa enter the main room. Bart has pushed his cowl back down. The room looks like any comic book convention: Rows of display tables, a few superhero cut-outs, meandering KIDS and MISFIT ADULTS. One display advertises "Fonzie Memorabilia - Every Item 20 cents." At the podium, a placard announces the presence of MAYOR DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY, who loudly THUMPS the mike with his finger, causing FEEDBACK.

DIAMOND JOE

(KENNEDY VOICE) Is this on?... Ahem,
young people of Springfield: As your
Mayor, I'd like to welcome you to our
annual funny book convention, and thank
you for pumping almost three hundred
dollars into the local economy.

Smattering of APPLAUSE.

DIAMOND JOE (CONT'D)

Your youthful high spirits have
imparted a glow to this old war-horse.
(JOKING) You might say I feel like
Radiation Man!

JIMBO

That's Radioactive Man, jerk!

Derisive LAUGHTER from the kids.

DIAMOND JOE

Right, right... Well, have fun and be sure to clear out by six for the Shriners. (TO ASSISTANT) Get that punk's name. No one makes a fool out of Diamond Joe Quimby.

ON BART

He cheerfully strolls past tables manned by various grungy DEALERS, as well as MARTIN PRINCE, who is wearing pointy Vulcan ears. Martin talks to a TEENAGE KID selling comics.

MARTIN

My dear fellow, you claim this is in "very good plus" condition, yet there's a crease on page thirty-two. I've half a mind to summon the law.

Bart approaches OTTO, who is holding a rolled-up poster and waiting in line at a booth advertising, "Have Your Work Evaluated By Legendary Comic Artist, "Jolly" Jack Tate", a grumpy old guy.

OTTO

Hey, Bart-dude!

BART

Hey, Otto-man! What's that?

OTTO

My very own idea for a comic book, little man. It's about a dude who drives a school bus by day, and by night, fights vampires in a post-apocalyptic warzone!

Otto unrolls the poster to reveal a drawing in Frank Frazetta style. It's labelled "Busman" and shows a muscular version of Otto fighting vampires.

BART

Cool!

MARTIN and MILHOUSE approach.

MILHOUSE

C'mon, Bart. We're going to see Buddy Hodges.

BART

The child actor who played Fallout Boy in the Radioactive Man TV show? Wow, I thought he was dead.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - THEATRE - LATER

On a movie screen, we see a black-and-white clip from the Radioactive Man TV show. It has the cruddy production values characteristic of early TV (cheesy sets and costumes, melodramatic music, hammy acting). FALLOUT BOY, a child actor with a heavily-moussed pompadour, looks on admiringly as RADIOACTIVE MAN lights up a cigarette.

RADIOACTIVE MAN

Aaahh... These Laramie cigarettes give me the steady nerves I need to combat evil.

FALLOUT BOY

Gee whillikers, Radioactive Man. Wisht I was old enough to smoke Laramies.

RADIOACTIVE MAN

Sorry, Fallout Boy, not until you're sixteen.

Radioactive Man winks at the camera, then sees something in the sky.

RADIOACTIVE MAN (CONT'D)

Look out!

Cut to the earth (suspended from a visible wire) being ripped in half by a giant rocket. **SFX: HUGE EXPLOSION.** Freeze-frame.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Will Radioactive Man act in time to
save the earth?

Over the freeze-frame of the already destroyed earth, we see "Tune In Next Week" and the Laramie Cigarettes logo. The kids **CHEER**. The movie ends and the lights come on, revealing a Black CONVENTION DIRECTOR at the podium.

CONVENTION DIRECTOR

Wasn't that great?... Y'know, kids, I'm
sure we'd all like to remember actor
Bill Bowman for his portrayal of
Radioactive Man, and not the sordid
details of his final years, so let's
keep the questions tasteful, okay? Now
how about a big welcome for Buddy
"Fallout Boy" Hodges!

More **CHEERS** as BUDDY HODGES sashays out. The former child actor is now an effeminate adult, and a chain smoker.

BUDDY HODGES

Any questions?

MILHOUSE

When Radioactive Man got injected with
shrinking serum in issue two-thirty-
four, how come his costume shrinks,
too?

BUDDY

(PURSES LIPS) I am sure I don't know.
My work at the experimental theater
keeps me very busy --

MARTIN

Is it because the story takes place in
a parallel dimension where our physical
laws don't apply?

BUDDY

Ooh, that sounds right.

BART

(RAISING HAND) Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Over
here, Fallout Boy!

BUDDY

(POINTING TO BART) You, the tow-headed
lad.

BART

Do you think the ghost of Bill Bowman
haunts the whorehouse where his bullet-
riddled body was found?

BUDDY

(IMPATIENTLY, HANDS ON HIPS) Isn't
anyone interested in my current
projects?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN ROOM - LATER

Bart, Martin and Milhouse look through a DEALER'S wares.
The comics are all in plastic covers. Bart is perusing a
Radioactive Man with the title "In Deadly Matrimony".

MILHOUSE

So whatcha gonna buy, Bart?

BART

Issue three sixty four. It's where
Radioactive Man marries Larva Girl.

Bart goes up to the DEALER, a fat man stuffed into a t-
shirt with a beautiful amazon woman on it. He eats nachos
and cheese. When he eats the last nacho, he uses his
finger to scoop up the cheese, wiping his finger on his
t-shirt.

DEALER

(TO BART) Two bucks, kid.

Bart pays, excitedly takes the comic out of the plastic
wrap and opens it. The pages promptly come apart in his
hands.

BART

Hey! This comic isn't stapled.

DEALER

(SHRUGS) It was when I sold it to you.

CLOSE UP - SCRIBBLED ON COMIC BOOK PAGE

BART (V.O.)

These pages are stuck together with
gum! And somebody drew mustaches on
all the characters! You said it was in
mint condition!

BACK TO SCENE

DEALER

Okay, near-mint.

The boys **AD LIB**: "That isn't fair!" "What's the idea?" "You
should give him his money back," etc.

DEALER (CONT'D)

All right, all right. Tell you what.

I'll make it up to you.

He takes a key from a chain around his neck and unlocks a
portfolio.

DEALER (CONT'D)

I only show this to connoisseurs...

(OPENS PORTFOLIO) Behold!

Bart is hit in the face by a beam of light. He has seen
the Holy Grail. **SFX: CHOIR OF ANGELS.**

BART

(QUIET AWE) Wow. Radioactive Man
Number One.

DEALER

None other.

The crudely-drawn cover shows Radioactive Man flying out of
the mushroom cloud from an atomic blast. The date is
November, 1961, the title, "Created, A Hero!"

BART

Look how terrible the artwork is. This must be worth a fortune!

DEALER

I'll let you have it for a hundred bucks.

BART

(DISMAYED) A hundred bucks?! All I got is thirty. It's my life savings!

DEALER

Well, I have another previously-owned copy I could sell you for thirty bucks.

He holds up a plastic bag which contains shards of paper and ash with occasional slivers of a comic book inside. On the front of the bag is written: "As Is, No Refund."

DEALER (CONT'D)

I think there's some of Superman number three in there, too.

BART

(POINTING TO MINT COPY) Well, I'd really rather have that one. But I don't have that kind of money.

DEALER

You've got a father, don't ya?

BART

Yeah. Well, sort of.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - EARLY EVENING

The Simpson car pulls away. From the other direction, Shriners ride their whimsical miniature vehicles towards the entrance.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - CONTINUOUS

HOMER and Marge are in the front seat with MAGGIE. Bart and Lisa are in the back.

MARGE

So, did you kids have fun?

LISA

Yeah, Mom! For a dollar a man sold me thirty-five Caspers and a dozen Lois Lanes.

HOMER

I never knew what Superman saw in her.
Give me Wonder Woman, boy. (BARKS)

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Just kidding, Marge. (CHANGING
SUBJECT) What's everyone say to dinner
at Krusty Burger? My treat!

The kids CHEER.

BART

(KISSING UP) You really are a sport,
Dad, taking us out to a fine restaurant
like Krusty Burger!

HOMER

Durn right.

BART

Yes Homer, you're a very generous guy.

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUS) What are you getting at?

BART

I need a hundred dollars for a comic book.

HOMER

A hundred bucks?! For a comic book?
Who drew it, Micha-ma-langelo?

BART

Please, Dad. I want this more than anything in the world.

HOMER

T.s.

INT. KRUSTY BURGER - A LITTLE LATER

The family sits in a booth. There is a poster that says, "Krusty Burger Employees Are Happy To Serve You." It shows a very handsome man in a tailored Krusty Burger uniform. Next to it we see the actual Krusty Burger EMPLOYEES: acne covered teenagers with long pony tails who are smoking cigarettes and in need of their first shave.

BART

Please Dad.

HOMER

No.

BART

Please Dad.

HOMER

No.

BART

Please Dad.

HOMER

(CALMLY) No... (KINDLY) Look, son, we all know that usually when you bug me like this, I give in, so I'm not mad at you for trying. It shows you've been paying attention. But we all know I'm not going to give you a hundred dollars. Now are you gonna stop bugging me?

BART

No.

HOMER

Are you?

BART

No.

HOMER

Are you?

BART

No.

HOMER

Are you?

BART

(AFTER A PAUSE, GRUDGINGLY) Okay.

HOMER

(GLOATING) Hee hee, I win! In your
face!

Homer does a victory dance in his seat.

MARGE

Don't gloat, Homer. (TO BART) You
know, Bart, when I was your age, the
one thing I wanted more than anything
in the world was a Child-sized Electric
Lightbulb Oven. My parents wouldn't
give me the money, so I went to my
sisters...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - SISTERS' ROOM - 1963

The room is a shrine to Frankie Avalon. Marge is eight.
Fourteen-year-old Patty and Selma's voices are high, soft
and feminine.

PATTY

(TO MARGE) We'll give you half our
allowance.

SELMA

But you have to be our slave.

YOUNG MARGE

Okay.

PATTY

(TO SELMA) This gives us a lot more
free time.

SELMA

Let's take up smoking.

MARGE (V.O.)

For months, I worked and worked, saving
every penny...

DISSOLVE TO:

Young Marge is washing something in a soapy bucket, while
Patty and Selma lounge on their beds, smoking cigarettes
and listening to Frankie Avalon SING "Venus." Months of
smoking have turned their voices low and gravelly.

PATTY

(SINGING ALONG) Venus... Oh, Venus...

Make my wish come true.

SELMA

(TO MARGE) We want those dress-shields
hand-washed and drip-dried.

MARGE (V.O.)

But the big day finally came. And
because I'd worked for it, those
lightbulb-warmed treats always tasted
extra-good.

DISSOLVE TO:

Young Marge proudly removes a tiny cake from her E-Z Bake
Oven and pops it in her mouth. Patty and Selma look on.

PATTY

Guess we have to find a new slave.

SELMA

Uh-huh. (TO PATTY) You don't want a
toy oven, do you?

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. KRUSTY BURGER - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

So maybe a part-time job is the answer.

BART

Aw, Mom, I couldn't ask you to do that.
You're already taking care of Maggie,
and Lisa's such a handful --

LISA

She means you should get a job, Bart.

BART

Me? I'm only ten.

Bart gestures toward a teenage Krusty employee, who is scouring the french-fry grease trap.

BART (CONT'D)

You've got to be at least sixteen to
get a good job.

MARGE

I'm sorry, honey. I'd like to give you
the money, but I think earning it will
teach you responsibility.

HOMER

And I feel the same way. Except for
the "like to give you the money" part.

CLOSE UP - BART

As Bart unhappily continues eating, we hear Bart's adult voice, played by Daniel Stern of "The Wonder Years," over a few BARS of Simon and Garfunkel's "Bookends Theme."

ADULT NARRATOR (V.O.)

So there it was. The moment I had
dreaded. The moment every kid dreads.
There are two times in your life when
three little words make all the
difference: the first time a girl says
"I love you," and the first time your
parents say... "get a job."

On the last note of music, Bart loudly **SLURPS** his
milkshake.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

IN DARKNESS:

POV - FROM UNDER A SOFA CUSHION

Bart lifts the cushion and picks up some change, HUMMING to the tune of "WE'RE IN THE MONEY".

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

BART

(SINGS) "I need some money / A lot of
money..."

He pops an old piece of gum in his mouth before letting the cushion fall.

INT. BART'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Bart searches through a pile of junk in his closet.

BART

(FINDS SOMETHING) Ah-ha!

CLOSE UP - GLASS COIN DISPLAY

We see a dozen odd-shaped coins labeled "Souvenir: The Coins of Bolivia" with an attached tag: "To Bart. Love, Aunt Patty and Aunt Selma." Bart SMASHES the glass with a hammer and pockets the coins.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

Bart looks through the refrigerator.

BART

Empty bottles... empty bottles...

He picks up a 128-oz. bottle of soda, which is about two-thirds full.

BART (CONT'D)

Hm... well, it's practically empty.

He pours the remaining soda into the sink.

INT. QUIK-E-MART - LATER

Bart hands APU the empty soda bottle.

BART

Here you go, Apu.

APU

Ooh, very good. Would you like the
deposit defrayed from the cost of a
Jumbo Cherry Squishie?

BART

Not today. I need the dime.

APU

(RINGING IT UP) It is good to see you
are learning a trade.

INT. SPRINGFIELD BANK - LATER

Bart dumps the Bolivian coins in front of the Foreign
Exchange TELLER.

BART

Americanize this, my good man.

TELLER

(CHARLES BRONSON VOICE) Mm-hm...

mm-hm...

He **RINGS** it up. Three pennies **SLIDE** into the change slot.

BART

Three cents?

TELLER

Let the good times roll.

BART

All those coins were only worth three cents?

TELLER

Actually, closer to two. But, hey, it's on me, Donald Trump.

The nearby ADULTS LAUGH. Bart fumes.

BART

(THRU CLENCHED TEETH) I... need...

MONEY!!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CURB - AFTERNOON

Bart, wearing his red cap, has set up a lemonade stand, with a sign, "Lemonade 10¢". He looks very bored and unhappy.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) This is humiliating... I feel like such a geek.

Lisa walks up.

LISA

How's it going, Bart?

BART

Terrible. Cars slow down to laugh at me, but no one's buying.

LISA

Maybe you need to play on their sympathies more.

Lisa flips over the "E" and "N" in "Lemonade" so they're facing backwards, then turns the bill of Bart's cap sideways, like a Dead End Kid. She steps back and admires her handiwork.

LISA (CONT'D)

Now you look pathetic.

NELSON rides by on his bike and points to Bart.

NELSON

Haw haw!

Bart throws off the cap and stomps into the house.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

POV - INSIDE REFRIGERATOR

Bart opens the door and scans the shelves.

BART

Lemonade sucks. I need a new product.

Let's see... milk? No... mustard?

(CONSIDERS) Nah... (SEES SOMETHING)

Ah!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATER

Bart has converted the lemonade stand into a "Nickel Beer" stand. A crowd of BARFLIES, including BARNEY, are gathered around drinking. Bart is pouring beer into paper cups and discarding the cans on the lawn.

BART

Form a line, no crowding. Cheap beer
and a sympathetic ear...

BARNEY

Could you give me one on credit? I'm a
little short this week.

BART

Beat it.

OFFICERS EDDIE and LOU approach.

EDDIE

You got a liquor license there, young fella?

BART

Uh, my dog ate it.

LOU

(WRITING TICKET) Gotta have a license to sell beer.

BART

Say... writing all those tickets must make you guys thirsty. How about a couple on the house?

LOU

(CONSIDERS) We-ell, seeing as how it's a first offense...

EDDIE

And you are going to get a license...

LOU

I guess we can overlook this.

They take the beers, CLINK them, and exit drinking as Homer pulls into the driveway.

BART

So long, officers. Always happy to cooperate with Springfield's finest.

HOMER

What's all the -- (GASPS)

Homer sees the empty beer cans. He falls to his knees, verifies that they're empty, and begins to WHIMPER.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is seated at dinner. Homer is very grumpily stirring a glass of iced tea.

MARGE

Bart, there must be other ways to make money. Can you think of anything, Homer?

HOMER

(BITTER SARCASM) What's that, Marge? I was busy enjoying my iced tea. Yes, sir, at the end of a long day there's nothing I look forward to more than a foamy glass of iced tea.

MARGE

(TO BART) I'll check at the beauty parlor tomorrow. Maybe someone has some odd jobs you could do.

HOMER

Hey, Marge, could you put a little more head on this iced tea?

MARGE

Aw, Homer, shut up.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - NEXT AFTERNOON

Marge is sitting under a very tall hair dryer, chatting with kindly ol' MRS. GLICK in the next chair.

MARGE

...And he wants to earn money to buy a comic book.

MRS. GLICK

A comic book! Oh, my, boys never change. Which one is it, "Barney Google"?

MARGE

I don't think so.

MRS. GLICK

Send him over to my house, I've got a few chores he could do. Although, not so many since the chickens ran off.

EXT. MRS. GLICK'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Bart warily approaches the large old house, which has creepy gingerbread molding. He knocks on the door, which **CREAKS** open.

BART

Uh, Mrs. Glick?

MRS. GLICK

You must be Burt Simpson! Well, you look like you've got a strong young back!

BART

Right back at ya, ma'am... yah!

He's yanked inside.

INT. MRS. GLICK'S HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

Bart is sitting in the living room, looking around at all the musty old furnishings and knickknacks. The air is very still, except for a **TICKING** grandfather clock. Bart is uncomfortable, the way kids always are in this situation. He looks at a yellowed photo of a WWII serviceman.

MRS. GLICK

Would you like something to eat? I've got Neapolitan ice milk, macaroons, almond paste...

BART

No, thanks. (POINTS AT PHOTO) Who's that?

MRS. GLICK

Oh, that's my brother, Asa. He was killed in the War. Held a grenade too long.

Bart **GULPS**. Mrs. Glick points to his chair.

MRS. GLICK (CONT'D)

That was his favorite chair.

BART

(YELLS)

He jumps off the chair like the seat's hot. Mrs. Glick thrusts an old candy dish in his face.

MRS. GLICK

Here, have some ribbon candy. Boys love candy.

BART

No, thanks.

MRS. GLICK

(INSISTENT) Boys love candy.

Bart obediently reaches for a piece of candy. It's all stuck together and comes out of the dish in one large cluster.

BART

I think I'd rather just get to work.

MRS. GLICK

(GRABBING HIM) We'll start with a little light yard work. And if you finish early, you can have a tall glass of cream soda.

Bart makes a face.

EXT. GLICK HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Bart steps out the back door.

BART

Ay carrumba!

The back yard is incredibly overgrown. **SFX: JUNGLE NOISE.** Mrs. Glick steers Bart to a huge bush, really more of a tree.

MRS. GLICK

I want you to clear out the weeds under Ol' Thorny here. I'll be inside watching my stories.

Bart **SIGHS** and begins pulling weeds. He pricks himself.

BART

Ow!

MRS. GLICK

Would you like Asa's work gloves?

BART

(SCARED) No!

He sucks the blood and continues working as she walks inside.

TIME DISSOLVES:

From a distance we HEAR Bart repeat the pricking business twice more as the cleared area expands and the pile of garbage bags grows.

INT. GLICK HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Glick is watching a racy soap opera, disapprovingly but attentively.

SOAP ACTRESS (V.O.)

(FROM TV) Jack, please. I'm married.

SOAP ACTOR (V.O.)

(FROM TV) That must be what's turning
me on.

MRS. GLICK

Filthy.

Bart enters. He looks tired, and his hands and arms are scratched and bloody.

BART

Finished.

MRS. GLICK

Merciful heavens, you're bleeding!

(EXITING) I'll get the iodine.

INT. GLICK HOUSE - BATHROOM

A typical old person's bathroom. On top of the toilet is one of those doll-in-a-hoopskirt toilet paper covers. Mrs. Glick opens the medicine cabinet, which contains Headache Powder, Liver Pills and Bunion Pads, and pulls out an old bottle of "IODINE".

INT. GLICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Glick re-enters.

MRS. GLICK

Now, don't fidget.

BART

Listen, lady, you don't have to --

YAAAUUUUGGGHHH!

SFX: SIZZLE (LIKE BACON FRYING)

MRS. GLICK

(OVER SCREAM) They've never improved
on iodine.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER AFTERNOON

Bart trudges into the kitchen, where Marge is making dinner. He wearily gets a soda over the following.

BART

Hi, Mom.

MARGE

Did you make any money?

BART

No, but at least I'm in a lot of pain.

MARGE

Well, I think what you're doing is very
nice. The poor old thing doesn't have
anybody.

BART

There's a reason.

He exits. Marge gives a concerned MURMUR.

MONTAGE:

1) EXT. GLICK HOUSE - ROOF - NEXT MORNING

Bart is on the roof scraping gunk out of the gutter. His arms are covered in goo. Mrs. Glick looks on from the ground.

MRS. GLICK

(CHEERFUL) The sludge certainly
collects around those downspouts,
doesn't it?

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) It does if you
don't clean 'em for thirty years.

He looks around. In all directions, he can see KIDS having exuberant Norman Rockwell fun.

2) INT. GLICK HOUSE - CLOSET

Bart is perched on a rickety ladder. He strains and pulls down what appears to be a gray shawl.

BART

Here's your shawl.

MRS. GLICK

Oh, that's not a shawl. It's just a
little lint that's collected up there.

The "shawl" decomposes in Bart's hands.

3) EXT. STREET - DAY

An exhausted Bart staggers past "THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON AND BASEBALL CARD SHOP." In the store window is a drawing of an ANDROID with a speech balloon reading, "Take me to your comic books and baseball cards". Bart looks in the window and sees the copy of "Radioactive Man No. 1".

BART

Our time will come, my sweet.

4) EXT. GLICK HOUSE - GARAGE

Mrs. Glick walks into the garage.

MRS. GLICK

Today we wash Beulah.

BART

Who's that? Another dead relative?

Mrs. Glick backs out an enormous old Lincoln Towncar. As it keeps coming and coming, Bart **SLAPS** his forehead.

CLOSE UP - ODOMETER - SHOWS 5 MILES.

5) INT. GLICK HOUSE - CAT AREA

Bart scrapes gunk out of a cat litter box. PAN over to the cat, which crouches and leaps. We hear Bart **YELL**.

6) INT. GLICK HOUSE - WALL

We only see **SHADOWS** on the wall. This chilling scene is reminiscent of the soldier getting his leg amputated in "Gone With the Wind". Mrs. Glick's shadow looms over Bart's quivering shadow.

BART

No! Not the iodine! Burn the germs
off with a torch, amputate my arm, but
not the -- YAAAUUGGGHHH!

INT. GLICK HOUSE - FOYER

It's the end of the week. Mrs. Glick is rummaging around in her purse as Bart waits hopefully.

MRS. GLICK

Well, it's payday, Burt. I'll wager
you've been looking forward to this.

BART

Yes, ma'am!

MRS. GLICK

Now, where's that coin purse... Ah,
here we are.

She takes two quarters out of a little coin purse and drops
them into Bart's hand.

MRS. GLICK (CONT'D)

There you are. Two quarters.

BART

Two quarters?

MRS. GLICK

You deserve every penny. You know,
I've told a lot of my girlfriends about
you and they have chores too.

BART

Mrs. Glick, this really isn't --

MRS. GLICK

Oh, nonsense, you earned it.

BART

But --

MRS. GLICK

Now off you go, to spend it on funny
books and moon pies.

She hustles Bart out the door.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bart angrily **SLAMS** the front door as he enters. Homer is
watching TV from the couch, drinking a beer.

BART

(GRUMBLING) Moon pies, my butt...

Somebody oughta moon pie her...

HOMER

What's the problem, boy?

BART

I've been bustin' my hump all week for that withered old clam, and all I got was fifty cents.

HOMER

When I was your age, fifty cents was a lot of money.

BART

(SKEPTICAL) Really?

HOMER

(PAUSE) Nah.

BART

Dad, I've done everything I could and I've only got thirty-five bucks. I'm through with working. Working is for chumps.

HOMER

Son, I'm proud of you. I was twice your age before I figured that out.

EXT. THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON AND BASEBALL CARD SHOP - DAY

Bart has his nose pressed against the glass, looking at "Radioactive Man No. 1". A little sticker on it reads "\$100.00". Bart's breath fogs up the window. He wipes it away and suddenly the comic book has disappeared. Bart **GASPS**. He runs into the store.

INT. THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON AND BASEBALL CARD SHOP

The overweight dealer, wearing another Amazon Woman t-shirt, is showing the comic to Martin. The dealer is eating onion rings. He **SLURPS** the onion out, then eats the breading.

MARTIN

Can you let me have it for forty
dollars?

DEALER

Forty bucks? Forget it! You made me
get off my stool for that?

MARTIN

But it's all I've got. I sold seeds.
I visited my aunt in the nursing home.
I fished a dime out of the sewer, for
God's sake!

DEALER

No way. (TO BART) What do you want?

BART

Can I have it for thirty-five?

DEALER

No!... Friggin' kids. I don't need
this, I've got a degree in folklore and
mythology.

NEW ANGLE - MILHOUSE AT THE COUNTER

MILHOUSE

Excuse me, do you have the Carl
Yastrzemski card from 1973, when he had
big sideburns?

DEALER

Show me the thirty bucks, 'cause if you
ain't got it, I ain't gettin' off the
stool.

Milhouse holds up the money. The dealer exits to get the
card. An inspiration seizes Bart.

BART

Wait a minute. Martin, you're a
genius... what's a hundred dollars
divided by three?

MARTIN

Thirty-three dollars and thirty-three
cents.

BART

Come on, quit kidding around.

MARTIN

Bart, I don't kid about math.

BART

If you, Milhouse and I went in
together, we could buy a copy of
"Radioactive Man No. 1" right now!

MILHOUSE/MARTIN

Wow!

The dealer comes back eating a chili dog and holding the card.

DEALER

Here you go. "Muttonchop Yaz."

MILHOUSE

I don't want it.

DEALER

Friggin' kids!

BART

My friends and I would like to buy
"Radioactive Man No. 1". Now you
waddle over there and get it, or we'll
take our business to Odin's
Intergalactic Attic.

DEALER

(IMPRESSED) Yes, sir!

EXT. THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON AND BASEBALL CARD SHOP

Bart holds the comic book reverently. Martin and Milhouse stand next to him.

BART

Wow! Breathe it in, boys!

MILHOUSE

It smells like my grandpa.

MARTIN

This is the stuff dreams are made of.

Bart holds out a hand like he's feeling a rain drop.

BART

Uh-oh, looks like rain. We better get
this baby home.

The three of them grab the comic and pull in opposite
directions.

BART (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

The dealer sticks his head out of the store.

DEALER

Looks like you bought more than you
bargained for.

The dealer's **CHUCKLE** turns into an insane **CACKLE**. **THUNDER**
and **LIGHTNING** flash in the background as the boys continue
their standoff.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TREE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE UP - RADIOACTIVE MAN COMIC PANEL

In a desert, we see a sign which reads, "Nuclear Testing Zone, Keep Out!" A HANDSOME MAN is struggling to free his foot, which is caught in the ground. His speech balloon reads:

RADIOACTIVE MAN (V.O.)

My foot... caught in cattle guard...

Good Lord (CHOKES)... an A-bomb!

PAN to see the next panel. We see a MUSHROOM CLOUD. At the base of the cloud, a speech balloon reads, "Yaarrgh!"

SFX: EXPLOSION

RADIOACTIVE MAN (CONT'D V.O.)

Yaarrgh!

PAN to the next panel. The handsome man is now glowing and flexing his muscles.

RADIOACTIVE MAN (CONT'D V.O.)

I'm becoming radioactive. From this
day forward, I shall call myself
Radioactive Man.

PULL BACK to see the three kids reading the comic on a table. A candle lights the room.

MILHOUSE

(HUSHED) So that's how it happened!

MARTIN

I would've thought being hit by an
atomic bomb would have killed him.

BART

Now you know better.

MILHOUSE

Turn the page, Bart.

Bart gingerly picks up a pair of tweezers and brings it toward the page.

MARTIN

Bart, please! Sterilize them first!

Bart holds the tweezers in the candle flame, then uses them to turn the page. They read for a beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm done. Turn the page.

BART

You read all that?

MARTIN

Yeah.

BART

Prove it. (COVERING A PANEL) What does the Russian Spy say when Radioactive Man punches him?

MARTIN

Unnggh. I believe it's spelled U-N-N-G-G-H.

Bart removes his hand. Martin is correct.

BART

Wow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TREE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Martin holds the bag open as Bart gingerly slides the comic in.

BART

Listen, you guys are welcome to come over and read it any time you like.

MILHOUSE

Why can't we keep it at my house?

BART

Your house? That's crazy talk!

MARTIN

What if we store it in a safety deposit box with each of us getting a key?

BART

What if we store you in a safety deposit box and throw away the key!

MARTIN

These ad hominem remarks are quite uncalled for.

BART

Oh yeah? Well what are we going to do?

MARTIN

Well, how about this... Bart can have it Mondays and Thursdays. Milhouse will get it Tuesdays and Fridays. And yours truly will take Wednesdays and Saturdays.

BART

Perfect.

MILHOUSE

Wait a minute. What about Sunday?

BART

Yeah. What about Sunday?

MARTIN

Sunday possession will be determined by a random number generator. I will take the digits one through three. Milhouse will have four through six. Bart will have seven through nine.

BART

Perfect.

MILHOUSE

Wait a minute. What about zero?

BART

Yeah! What about zero?

MARTIN

In the unlikely event of a zero, possession will be determined by "Rock, Scissor, Paper" competition. Best three out of five.

Bart and Milhouse **AD LIB**, "Okay." "Sounds fair." etc.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Excellent! Well, today being Saturday,
Gentlemen, I guess I'll be taking my
comic and...

Martin tucks the comic under his arm and starts to leave.
Bart grabs his arm.

BART

(MENACINGLY) Wait a minute. You've
been playing us for saps. I worked too
long and too hard to let this out of my
sight. Tonight, it's staying right
here.

MARTIN

Here! Why?

BART

Because I said so.

MARTIN

If this comic book stays here, then so
do I.

MILHOUSE

Me too!

BART

Fine. Fine. We're all going to stay
here with the comic. It'll be like a
sleep-over. Yeah, a sleep-over.
That's what pals do, right? Real
friendly-like.

Martin and Milhouse exchange a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - A LITTLE LATER

The sky is dark and cloudy.

INT. TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The three boys sit in a circle, equal distance from the comic. It looks like they've been sitting this way for a while. Their sleeping bags are beside them. A brick is on top of the comic, preventing it from blowing away. Milhouse reaches for the comic.

MILHOUSE

I want to read it again.

Bart and Martin both grab his arm.

BART

Nice try, mister.

MARTIN

Milhouse, the acids in your hands could eat through the low grade newsprint this timeless masterpiece is printed on. We want to keep it forever so the last one alive will have the honor of being buried with it.

BART

(SUSPICIOUSLY) What do you mean, the last one alive?

MARTIN

I meant years from now.

BART

Yeah, sure you did.

Bart starts shoving Martin.

MILHOUSE

Bart, don't push him!

BART

I knew it, you're both against me.
I've seen you two talking behind my
back. Making plans and stuff. Well,
nobody makes a sap out of Bartholemew
J. Simpson.

Bart starts pushing Martin and Milhouse. They push back.
All three **AD LIB**, "Quit it!" "You quit it!" "No, you quit
it!" etc. Before long, the three boys are choking each
other. Marge's hair appears in the front door, followed a
few moments later by her face.

MARGE

I thought you boys might like some milk
and microwave s'mores.

The boys drop their holds.

MARTIN/MILHOUSE

(GASPING FOR AIR) Thank you, Mrs.
Simpson.

MARGE

Sweet dreams, boys.

Marge exits. **CIRCLE PAN** as the boys slowly bite into their
s'mores, they suspiciously eye one another.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

We see a shot of the tree house. It has started to rain.

INT. TREE HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

The boys are each in sleeping bags, lit only by moonlight. A FIGURE stirs and gets up. Suddenly a flashlight, held by Bart, **CLICKS** on, revealing Martin standing near the comic book. He is wearing pajamas with teddy bears on them. A crazed Bart tucks the flashlight in his armpit and cocks a sling shot at him.

BART

One more step and you're a dead man.

MARTIN

I have to go to the bathroom.

BART

Well so do I, but you don't see me getting up.

Milhouse is awakened by the commotion.

MILHOUSE

Hey, what's going on?

BART

Our dear friend Martin was trying to steal the comic.

MARTIN

If I was going to steal the comic book, I wouldn't be wearing my P.J.'s.

BART

Oh, so you've been thinking about it, have you?

MILHOUSE

Let's tie him up!

INT. TREE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The boys have tied Martin to a chair, hand and foot.

MARTIN

Bart, is this how you treat all your guests?

BART

Quiet, Piggy, or we'll stick an apple in your mouth. (TO MILHOUSE) We can't take any chances. We'll have to take turns watching him.

MILHOUSE

Okay. I'll go first.

BART

What? So I can fall asleep and wind up like our fat friend here? Find another sucker!

MILHOUSE

Okay, you go first.

BART

I get ya. Let old Bart get nice and drowsy, then, when my back is turned... WHAM! Hit me over the head with a brick.

Bart lifts the brick off the comic book.

MILHOUSE

You're going crazy. I'm telling your mom!

BART

Hey Martin, tell him what we do with
squealers.

MARTIN

I don't know. Is it worse than what
you do with people that have to go to
the bathroom?

MILHOUSE

(TO BART) You can't stop me.

BART

The hell I can't!

Milhouse heads for the door. Bart leaps for him.

SFX: SEVERE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Bart and Milhouse start wrestling around the floor of the
tree house, **GRUNTING**. They roll over and over until they
get to the very edge of the entrance to the tree house.
They roll back in, away from the door. Then, they roll to
the edge again and Milhouse falls out the door. Bart grabs
him by the pajama sleeve to keep him from falling to the
ground. Milhouse's sleeve **TEARS** a little at the shoulder.

MARTIN

Bart, the comic!

BART'S POV

WHIP PAN from Milhouse over to the comic book. Now that
the brick is off it, it has blown off the table and flown
toward the window. It is about to fall out the window and
into the rain.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart starts to turn toward the comic. Milhouse's sleeve
TEARS a little more.

MILHOUSE

Don't let go of me Bart!

BART'S POV

In a shot reminiscent of "Vertigo," Bart sees the ground below Milhouse recede further and further away.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

Milhouse, it's not that far to the ground. And the rain has probably softened it up.

MILHOUSE

No, Bart! No!

MARTIN

(SMUGLY) You know, if you hadn't tied me up, I could be saving the comic as we speak.

BART

Shut up! Shut up!

BART'S POV

Bart looks back and forth between Milhouse and the comic book. Milhouse's sleeve **RIPS** even more. Dramatic **MUSIC** swells.

MILHOUSE

Help me, Bart! I didn't even want the comic. I wanted Carl Yastrzemski with the big side-burns.

ANGLE ON COMIC BOOK

It flutters against the cut-out window, half in and half out.

ANGLE ON BART

We see he has reached a decision. With a sudden jerk, he pulls Milhouse back in the tree house, just as the comic flies out the window and into the rain. Bart and Milhouse run to the window and see the comic hit the ground. It blows out of its plastic bag and into a puddle. From out of nowhere, SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER runs up, shakes the comic in his teeth, making several pages fly out, then drops it. Finally, the comic is struck by a bolt of lightning which **BLASTS** it into a million pieces. There is a stunned silence. Bart turns to Milhouse.

BART

You can have it.

The boys choke back start **SOBS**. Marge emerges into the tree house wearing a rain coat with a very tall hood. She carries a couple of blankets with her.

MARGE

Boys, you better come in the house.

You don't want to get the sniffles.

Marge wraps the blankets around the boys.

BART

Aw, Mom.

MARGE

Now come on... (LOOKING AT MARTIN) You can play your tie-up game inside.

A sad Martin and Milhouse **AD LIB** "Okay." "Yes Mrs. Simpson."

MARGE (CONT'D)

I've got some cocoa on the stove. Who wants imitation marshmallows?

Bart and Milhouse raise their hands and **AD LIB** "I do!" "Me!"

MARTIN

I'd raise my hand, if I could.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The rain has stopped. The world looks freshly scrubbed and new. Homer approaches his car -- the windows are half way down. When he opens the door, water pours out.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

PAN over to Bart, Milhouse and Martin, trying to reassemble damp fragments of the comic book. One of the fragments bears the \$100.00 sticker.

MILHOUSE

I found half a panel in the Flanders' bug zapper.

BART

I think this is an ad for x-ray specs.

MARTIN

It's no use, fellows. Another comic has returned to the earth from whence it came. But the important thing is, we're all friends again. The three gay caballeros, back in the saddle again. Arribba!

BART

Martin, don't take this the wrong way, but you were never exactly our friend. We always thought you were kind of a geek.

MILHOUSE

We just needed you for your money.

BART

Milhouse, please, a little tact.

MARTIN

Oh... well, you don't think I'm more of
a geek now, do you?

MILHOUSE/BART

(AD LIB) "No!" "Not at all."

MARTIN

(CHEERED) I can live with that.

PAN UP to a nest in a tree. We see the last panel of the
Radioactive Man comic. Radioactive Man stands in the
sunset, a speech balloon coming from his mouth.

RADIOACTIVE MAN (V.O.)

Well, the world is safe again... But
for how long?

PAN to the bottom of the panel, which reads, "THE END."

FADE OUT.

THE END